DAME TROT

and

HER CAT.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

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The Fair.

OLD DAME TROT

Going to the Fair,
With the Cat on her shoulder
To see the folks there.

The Chat.

Dame Trot and her Cat
Then sat down to chat,
The Dame sat on this side,
And Pussy on that.

The Dame was determined
To give her a treat,
So went to the butcher's
To buy her some meat;

But when she got there,
To her sorrow and grief,
She found that the butcher
Had sold all his beef.

She started again
For cap, necklace and frock,
When she came back
Puss was riding Dog Shock.

She went to the cupboard
To give puss a fish,
But the cat just before
Had cleaned out the dish.

She went to buy apples,
And sugar and spice,
While Pussy at home
Was to catch all the mice.

The Dance

But I'm sorry to say,
This pet of the cats,
Stead of killing the mice,
Was fiddling to rats.

The Pie.

She went for some ale,
Because she was dry,
When she came back,
Puss was making a pie.

She went out to buy her
A bonnet or hat,
When she came back
Puss was killing a rat.

She trotted once more
For brandy and wine
When she came back
Puss had sat down to dine.

The fire going out,
She went for some fuel,
When she came back
They were fighting a duel,

So to end the dispute,
Without more ado,
She horsewhip'd the cat
And Master Shock too;

This soon stopped the fight,
And made their bones sore
After which they shook hands
To quarrel no more.

The Duel.

The Dog said "Good bye,"
The Cat then arose,
Wash'd her head and face clean,
And tried on her clothes.

You look nice now you're dress'd,
Says little Dame Trot,
Puss courtesied and mewed,
But further said not.

DAME TROT.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

March, 12, Webber Street.